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AN ELEGY

On the much Lamented Death of Father *Nicholas Dalton*, who Departed this Life on *Wedneſday* the 17*th* of this Instant *November* 1725. At his late Lodging in *Bridge Street*.

YE Learned Doctors, on whoſe Brows ſits Grief,
I think he's Dead, who among you was Chief,
For Learning, Prudence and true Piety,
Adjoin'd with Wiſdom, and mild Gravity;
To none Inferior in his Grave Advice,
To deter all Sins, and to Correct all Vice,
In Morral Precepts, few could him Excel,
Form his ſad Flock, vain Pride he did Expel;
Helpleſs *Orphants* he did Rare tenderly,
And ſhew'd to them his Love, moſt Fatherly.
Let all Things now in their firſt *Cahos* lye,
Looſing their Shape, diſappear preſently;
Since he who was our Emblematiſt's gone,
And left us here, his Abſence to bemoan.
Since he is gon, who did the Council Grace,
Wiſdom ſitting Enthron'd upon his Face,
Since he is Dead, who did the Poor Repleat
When he their Sorrows did Commiſerate.
I think I ſee the Windows with Mourning hung,
In all the Streets the Hearſe to paſs along,
And me thinks I hear the *Widdow's* loud Cry
Whoſe Skricks doth penetrate the Starry *Skie*,
And all his Flock, in ſable Mantles dreſt
Crying, of Paſtors we have loſt the beſt.

EPITAPH.

WIthin this Tomb, ly's happily Inter'd
The Learned *Shepherd* of a doubtful Herd,
Whoſe *Prudence*, *Wiſdom* and great *Piety*
Exalted his *Soul* above the Starry *Skie*,
Where he doth with *Angels* Rejoyce,
Praiſing *GOD* with a melodious Voice.